

Pretty. Good. by Janaynay

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Based on Season 1, F/M, Gen, Pretty good, a drabble really, el being precious and needing to be protected from all harm, eleven's inner monologue, just a reflection based on this scene

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Martin Brenner (mentioned), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-14

Updated: 2018-03-14

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:22:12

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 311

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Just a drabble based on the (iconic) scene after Eleven's makeover is S1E4.

Pretty. Good.

"Wow. She looks..."

"Pretty...good. You look pretty good."

Eleven had heard both of those words before, but was still struck by the weight of them. Coming from Mike and directed at her, they gave her a funny but not unpleasant feeling in her stomach, almost like the fluttering of butterflies, both ticklish and soothing like the brush in Mike's hand as it moved across her cheeks just minutes ago.

Pretty. She was pretty? Eleven had never thought about being pretty. She has noticed others' hair, and clothes, noticed they were different compared to her thin white gown and her hair kept short. Hair made her curious, what it was like to have it, what it was like to touch it. And the moment she slipped the blonde wig in place, she decided it felt heavier than expected, warm, and slightly itchy. But it also felt pretty.

Pretty like the girl in the photo, Mike's sister. *Pretty.*

Good. That was a word she had been called before, but she had never felt. "*Good girl*," Papa would say when she did what he wanted, but it left her feeling sick to her stomach, or desperate to crawl out of her own skin. She didn't feel like she was good - even when she tried to be, she felt bad. Wrong. Like a monster.

But when Mike called her good she couldn't help but feel a smile pulling at her lips.

She swallowed her nerves, and with anticipation, moved to stand in front of the mirror. Taking a deep breath, she stared into the mirror at herself, and reflected on these two words.

"Pretty," she nearly whispered. She almost felt pretty.

"Good," she said. She almost believed she was good.

When she caught two earnest dark brown eyes peering at her in the reflection of the mirror, she believed it a little bit more.

Author's Note:

I live for your comments.